The Bystander, January 19, 1921. No. 894. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

THEIR CHILD

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 & 7.45
TAMARA KARSAVINA and A CORPS DE BALLET, HARRY GREEN in "THE CHERRY TREE.' WINSTON'S WATER LIONS. ROYAL SOUTHERN SINGERS. DU CALION.

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LYN HARDING. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

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PONS-WINNECKE, THE COMET, IS HEADING FOR THE EARTH

AT LAST WE THINK THAT JUSTICE MAY BE DONE

THEY ARE TRYING HARD TO FIND THE TRUTH

By Victor Hicks

AND HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO WON

No More Grand Opera?

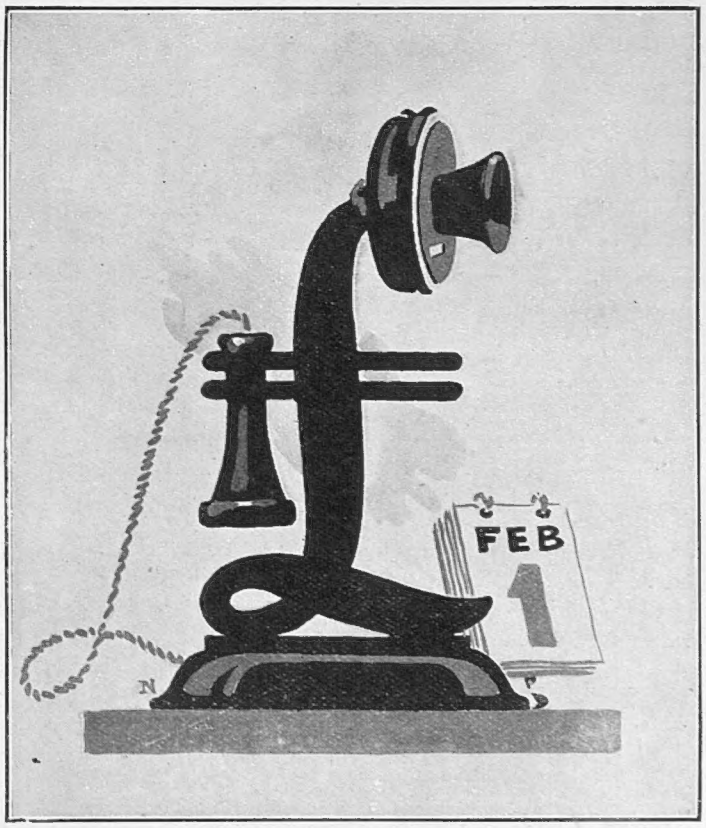
Do people really like Grand Opera? I mean Grand Opera with a capital G and O as we used to know it in the Grand Season at Covent Garden. A writer in a morning paper says that there is not likely to be any at Covent Garden next summer, and says that this "is not a state of affairs of which the greatest city in the world has any right to be proud," which is only another way of saying London ought to be ashamed of itself. Why? There is nothing wrong in not liking Grand Opera. As far as I can make out no city in the world likes it well enough to make it pay without state or municipal subsidy, or private doles from subscribers.

Musical Manners

I have been to Covent Garden frequently in the Grand Season, and I never saw any signs of the audience really enjoying itself. There were always a lot of people in stalls and boxes who talked so much and so loudly during the show, that they would certainly have been thrown out of a Music Hall or a Musical Comedy Theatre had they transgressed there in the same way. And the rush to get out before the finish was something like what happens nowadays in the rush hours on the Underground. As the people who kept quiet and remained to the finish never seemed to object to this, one cannot suppose they were enjoying the Opera very much. There's something wrong about Grand Opera, I cannot help thinking.

Cruel Christenings

Although godfathers and godmothers are technically responsible for a child's Christian name, the parents really settle it. And a very cruel use they often make of their power in this way. Probably everyone can call to mind at least one instance of an unfortunate and helpless infant having some ridiculous, or at best inappropriate, label thus forced upon it at its christening. But the public seldom or never goes wrong when it christens a thing, a place or a person, and it always refuses to have any name forced upon it by would-be dictators. It seems impossible to-day to think of a "wrist-watch" being called anything else. Recently I was re-reading W. B. Maxwell's fine novel, *The Guarded Flame*, and I noticed that at least half-a-dozen times a character looked at her "bracelet watch." Turning back, I found that the book was first published in 1906. The next book I picked up was C. N. and A. M. Williamson's *Lady Betty Across the Water*.



R. K. NEWBOULD

A SUGGESTION TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

As soon as I came in this, too, upon the "bracelet-watch," I looked up the date of first publication. It was also 1906, so it carried me no further. "Wrist-watch" is obviously the right name. When was it invented, and by whom, I wonder?

Royal Fashion Edicts

IT is rather strange that the late King Edward, who was for so many years the absolute ruler of the fashionable world, and especially of its men, seems neither to have christened anything nor invented any fashion. He made the Homburg hat fashionable, but he did not invent it. The man of fashion would not follow his example when he creased his trousers down the sides instead of back and front. He was at the picnic when champagne first was called "the boy." The story is too well-known to bear repetition, but it was not the Prince of Wales, as he then was, who coined the name.

ASCENDING MOUNT (N) EVEREST By Fred Luchanan

The Origin of the "Albert"

NOW, his father, Prince Albert, gave his name to two things, which he also made fashionable. To this day a frock-coat in America is a 'Prince Albert," and the "Albert chain," though no longer fashionable, undoubtedly had a great vogue. Both the frock-coat and the Albert chain are "out of it" just now. But who can say that they are beyond the possibility of revival? One would have thought that King Edward had been a more likely inventor of fashion than the Prince Consort—but the mode is a capricious creature. One great blessing the world owes to King Edward—referring, of course, only to the lighter side of life—he was mainly instrumental in shortening the appalling long dinners of the Victorian age.

"The Chequers," Please!

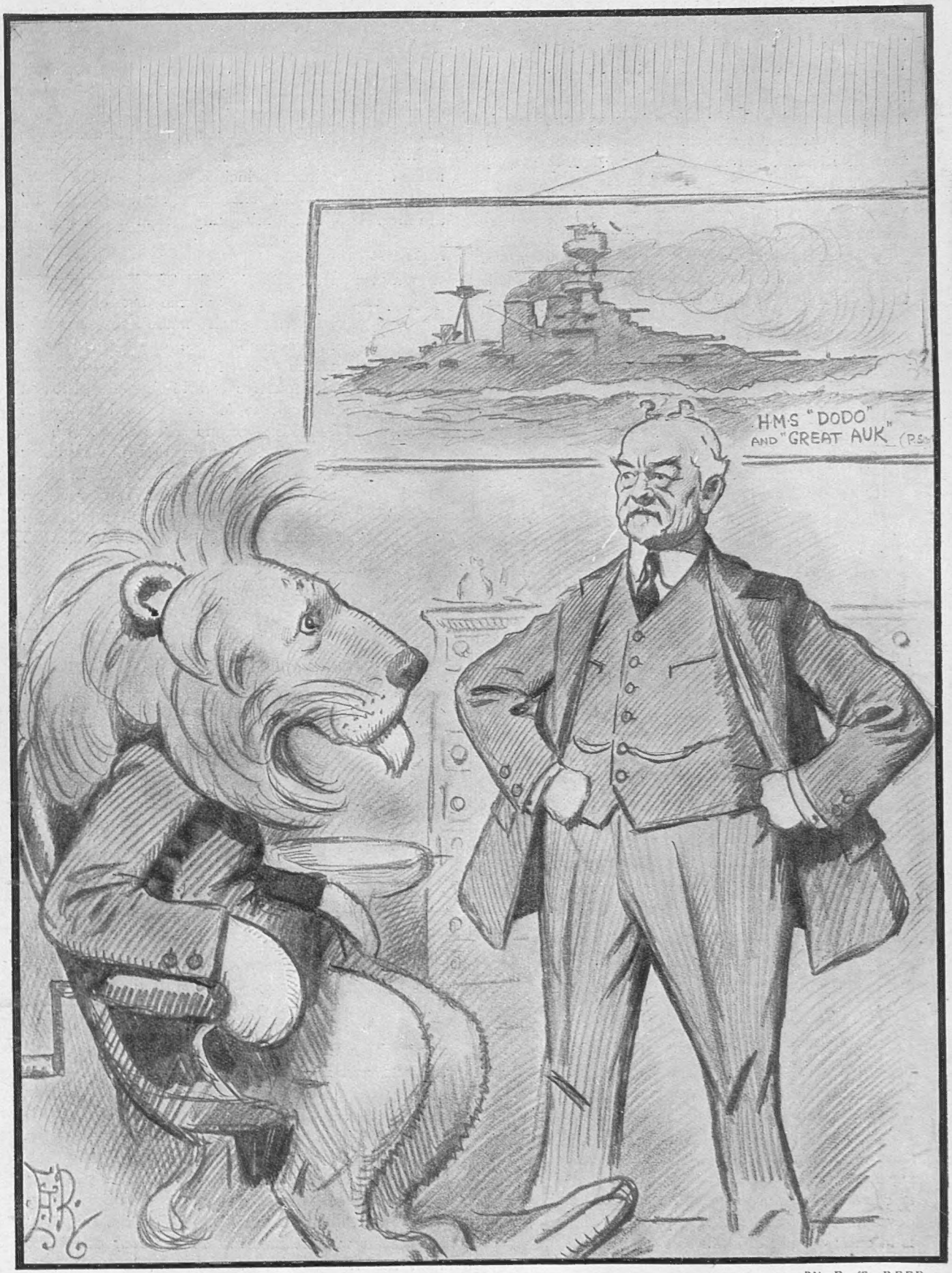
IT is not surprising that Sir Robert Horne was driven to a public-house when he went to spend the week-end with the Prime Minister recently at the historic house, which, we now know, can boast, among other things, of "the room in which the War was won." "The Chequers" to any good British chauffeur, would inevitably suggest an inn. Indeed, it is not long ago that Lord Lee published a request that people would call his gift-house to the Prime Ministers of England by its proper name of "Chequers," without the definite, and license-suggesting, article. English people frequently made the mistake of omitting the "The" from another famous house which is constantly being mentioned in the newspapers, namely, "The White House," the official residence of the President of the United States in Washington. Quite frequently now I see "White House" printed. Some years ago it was more often printed so than not. This probably arises from our familiarity with our own phrase, "Government House," used all over the world pretty well. "The White House" always has its "The" in America. Sometimes English people will also say and write "The United States *are*." The United States, of course, *is*.

Crushed Germany

I READ the other day in an afternoon paper a complaint about "the waste" of money incurred by maintaining the various Armies of Occupation on the Rhine. Our own, it seems, has cost £52,000,000. I hope that, eventually, Germany will have to pay up for this and the rest of the indemnity. But, whatever happens, I can never think that the cost of keeping our troops on German territory is a waste. Shortly after the Armistice I was fortunate enough to visit the British, French, Belgian, and American areas of occupation, and I was convinced that nothing else could have brought home to the German mind so thoroughly that Germany had been beaten. And I do not see that the need is any less to-day than then for the Germans to have a constant reminder of this highly important

(Continued on page 118)

The Teeth of the Lion



BY E. T. REED

A STRANGE DENTIST

PERCY SCOTT *(dentist)*: "Splendid teeth, have you? Hardly lost any, eh? Well, my advice is—have 'em all out, and don't replace 'em! Think of the anxiety of *taking care of 'em*, my boy; there's always the risk of losing 'em!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

fact before their eyes. Even as it is some of them seem inclined to forget it. Cologne in the occupation of our troops was one of the most inspiriting things for a Britisher to see in the early days of 1919. If Thomas A.'s travels had been extended to Berlin I fancy it might have saved a lot of trouble.

Not Cricket

THE sovereign, I saw a few days ago, was worth 15*s.* 6*d.* in New York. I wish it were worth that in London. Is it our climate? Anyway, it doesn't seem fair.

Why Rufus Is Going

ALTHOUGH we learned, after much delay, that Lord Reading was really going to India, we don't know even now why he is going. Some critics of the appointment say it is because of his race that he took what is, to say the least of it, not exactly a bed of roses. Others say it is merely personal ambition. But a quidnunc, near the heart of things, tells me that it is because of the L. C. J.'s devotion to L. G. The Premier set his heart on Lord Reading's tackling India, and though far from keen to leave the Law Courts, Lord Reading has given way. He is a man of strong personal loyalties, and is very devoted to his mother, a very powerful old lady, who is intensely proud of him.

By Seymour Hurley

SARTORIAL WIZARDRY

THE TAILOR: "This, gentlemen, is our latest creation."

Jaded Journalese

SPEAKING of India reminds me that the most recent disturbances there have led to a revival in newspapers of that hackneyed adjective, "grave." I thought the end of the War would lay this well-worn warrior in the tomb; but no—there it is again. As the author of that impossible counsel of perfection, *The King's English*, pointed out years ago, journalism is very apt to run words to death. The favourite word of the *Westminster Gazette* is "explore"—which, of course, is a variant of "wait and see." On the other side of politics the favourite for the moment is "shibboleth," which, of course, is merely the nickname for the political principle you happen to dislike. On the other hand, "meticulous" and "obsession" are moribund, and "intriguing" is in a bad way.

Ante Bell-um

HAVE you thought that the telephone ramp, by possibly cutting down the list of private subscribers, will make the Englishman's home once more his castle, which it has not been with the outside world invading it in the shape of the wired voice of Tom, Dick, and Harry? It was a Scot, Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of telephony, who killed the Englishman's home. Now Mr. Illingworth, a very typical Englishman, may claim that he has restored the *status quo ante Bell-um*.

On the Riviera

I NOTE Venizelos is staying at Nice, which now is undoubtedly nicer than Greece. Perhaps he is waiting till Turkey will cease from trying to gobble King Constantine's geese.

The Lord Chancellor's Hundred-a-Week

MR. ASQUITH'S evidence before the Committee on Salaries raises once more the matter of the Lord Chancellor's "pension." Apparently that fortunate personage is the only Minister entitled to one, and he, during his term of duty, on present arrangements gets just twice the salary of any other Minister of the Crown. It is a curious anomaly, because the man who becomes Lord Chancellor has always been making umpteen thousands a year at the Bar, and if he hasn't sufficiently feathered his nest by the time the supreme politico-legal honour has been conferred upon him he must have been born in Aberdeen! But seriously, it does seem a pity that so few public offices can be kept free from some "monetary attraction." Five thousand a year for life cannot possibly attract an eminent lawyer making four times that sum. So why should the taxpayer be saddled with it at all? The honour of sitting upon the Woolsack is great enough in itself, and many men who have the means to do it are happy enough to serve their country without hundred-pound-a-week pensions.

The Earl of Dalkeith Engaged

MISS MOLLIE LASCELLES

Whose engagement last week was announced to the Earl of Dalkeith (inset), the son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Miss Lascelles is the daughter of the late Major W. F. Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles, and granddaughter of the late Sir Frank Lascelles, formerly Ambassador in Berlin.

Photograph Ernest Brooks

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MARCHIONESS OF CONYNGHAM'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

The marriage between Capt. Theodore Brinckman, son of Col. Sir Theodore Brinckman, C.B., and Gretta, daughter of the Marchioness of Conyngham, took place at All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, last Wednesday. The bride and bridegroom left the church under a guard of honour composed of the 1st Life Guards

Photograph *G.P.U.*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road, last week, the marriage took place of Capt. A. H. M. Bell, M.C., and the Hon. L. J. Sclater-Booth

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MARRIAGE OF LADY POLSON'S SON

Capt. Lindsay Smith (son of Lady Polson) and Miss Eleri Bilbie, after the wedding at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey Church, Queen Victoria Street. Sir Thomas and Lady Polson were unable to be present, as it was election day at Dover

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Not Quite Fair

I HEARD a woman the other day holding forth with much indignation and volubility because a dame of quality who had lent her drawing-room for a charitable entertainment had intimated to its promoters that they must pay for the hire, the placing, and removal of the rout chairs. The indignant one was holding up the owner of the drawing-room as the last thing in meanness and its kindred failings.

Now, this seems to be scarcely fair. If you have a title—that is, a well-known title—and a large house, you are positively inundated with appeals to lend your drawing-room for meetings, conferences, concerts, bazaars, and all those things to which we resort to get money for charity. There are few houses which possess a hundred rout chairs or so. And as the principle is to squeeze in as many people as you can, the smaller the chair the larger the number you can accommodate. This means, of course, that the lent drawing-room has to be denuded of big sofas and big chairs. So how, in addition to that trouble, any promotors of charity entertainments can expect the lender of a drawing-room to pay for the hire of seats, passes comprehension. But many of them do.

A Muddle—and the Nile

A CURIOUS muddle has arisen over the trip to the Nile of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. It was announced that they were going on a big-game shooting expedition into regions in Africa where a white woman had never yet penetrated. Such an adventurous party is setting forth, I believe, and by some stupidity the names of the two parties were jumbled together with the result that all the world was surprised to hear that the Mistress of the Robes might very shortly be facing roaring lions and willowy giraffes in remote African wilds.

The Duke and Duchess, with whom will be Lord and Lady Maidstone intend nothing more venturesome than a journey down the Nile.

Maids of Honour

QUEEN MARY'S Maids of Honour are now reduced to one, the Hon. Ursula Lawley. During the War the usual number of four was

Photograph *G.P.U.*

SOCIALIST MILLIONAIRE'S WEDDING

The marriage of Mr. Prince Hopkins, a young American millionaire, and Miss Eileen Thomas, a pretty English girl, at St. Peter's Church, South Kensington, caused some sensation in the Press last week. He has great ideas of reforming the world, and we sincerely wish him the best of luck in his work. It wants something done to it, anyway

Photograph *Alfieri*

WEDDING SMILES

Mr. Alex Koch de Gooreynd was married at the Brompton Oratory last week to Miss Priscilla Reyntiens, the daughter of Lady Alice Reyntiens

reduced to two—Miss Lawley and Miss Mabel Gye—and now that Miss Gye has married, Miss Lawley remains the solitary Maid. The appointment of her three companions is rousing a considerable amount of flutter, for although the post of Maid of Honour is not what it was under Queen Victoria, it is eagerly sought after.

As Queen-Regnant, Queen Victoria had eight Maids of Honour who took their turns of service all the year round, no matter where the Court might be. Queen Mary before the War had only four Maids, and they never did service except at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. When on duty in London they never sleep at the Palace, but are taken to and from their homes in one of the Royal carriages. Only Queens-Regnant and Queens-Consort have Maids of Honour.

Photograph *Central News*

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut. H. C. Despard, R.N., who was awarded the D.S.C. for service in the "Broke" and "Swift" action in 1917, is the second son of the Chief Constable of Lanarkshire. He was recently married to Miss Leonora Moore at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Hamilton

Photograph] **IN AID OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN** *[G.P.U.*

The Devonshire House Children's Party, in aid of the Deptford Fund and the Orthopædic Hospital for crippled children was a great success, and realised a handsome sum for this deserving charity. Lord Denbigh, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, were among the organisers who originated the gathering. The picture shows a happy group in the ballroom

A Queen Victoria Story

I REMEMBER a story told of a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. She went into duty at Osborne. On her first afternoon she was alone with the Queen. She played the piano, read the newspaper aloud, as directed, her natural nervousness gradually melting away before

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

the Queen's interest and kindness. Then she was bidden to sit near her Royal mistress, and found herself encouraged to talk. The Queen asked her many questions about her home, her family, and her pursuits. But there came a pause in the conversation, and the new Maid of Honour, forgetful of the presence in which she was sitting, burst forth with a question that at that time was being widely discussed through the whole country,

"I wonder who they will make Prime Minister?"

In an instant the Royal benignity was gone. Two cold blue eyes looked upon the little Maid, and a voice of ice said,

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Is assisting to organise the Dancers' Matinée at the Alhambra Theatre on Friday when very well-known dancers will give their services to aid the cause of the Ivory Cross, which provides for free dental treatment

Photograph *G.P.U.*

"DID YOU SAY MY 'CHEQUERS' CAREER?"

Mr. Lloyd George is seen enjoying a joke with Sir Robert Horne who stayed over the week-end at the Prime Minister's newly acquired country-house, the gift of Lord Lee. Sir Hamar Greenwood is seen on the right

"You mean, whom shall *I* appoint Prime Minister."

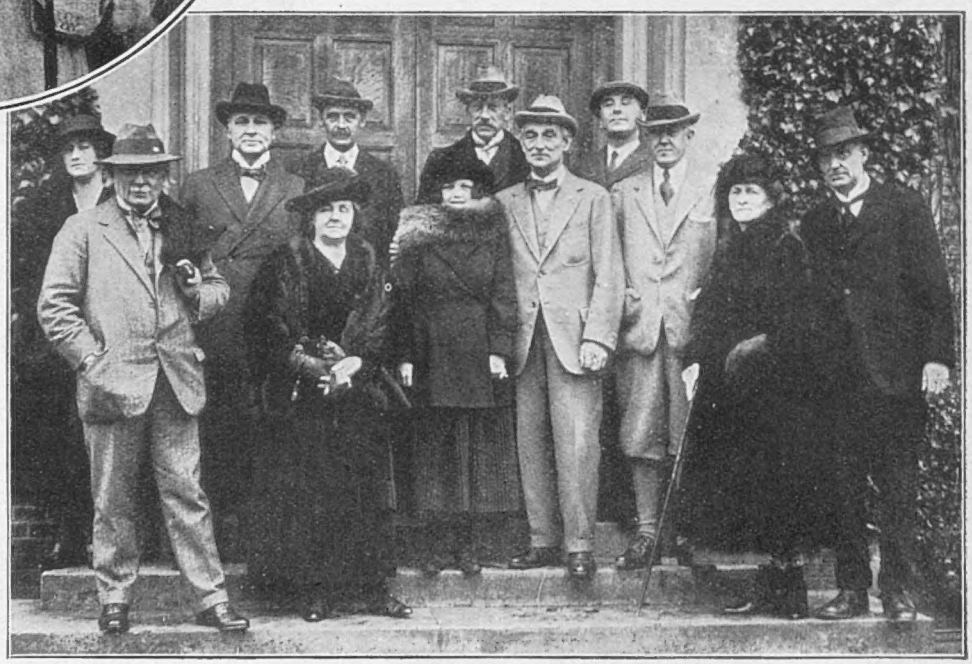
In the World of Diplomacy

THE presence of an Ambassadress at the French Embassy in Albert Gate will make all the difference in the world to the Corps Diplomatique in London. With the Russian, German, and Austrian Embassies gone, the brunt of diplomatic entertaining has fallen upon Madame Merry del Val, the wife of the Spanish Ambassador. For years the French Embassy did nothing outside the strictly official entertaining. The veteran M. Cambon was a bachelor, and unlike his former colleague at the Austrian Embassy, Count Mensdorff, who was likewise single, took no pleasure in playing the host.

The Comtesse de Saint-Aulaire, who will now reign in the big, gloomy-looking house in Albert Gate, has a reputation in Paris of one of the most charming of hostesses. Women can make an enormous difference in diplomacy if they are charming and tactful.

I hear that Count Mensdorff wishes, above all things, to return to England to live *en simple particulier*. His was one of the hard cases of the War. Connected with our Royal family by a degree that led them to call him "Cousin Willy"; a scion of one of the oldest families in Austria, and rich; he was in his element as Ambassador and master of the Embassy in Belgrave Square. His dinners, his parties were always done most admirably. During the many years he was Austrian Ambassador he must have entertained practically every royalty in Europe.

I hear Count Mensdorff is having a very "thin" time in Austria, and longs for the old amenities of London. But the genial Count would find a difference in these days. It is too soon to forget. Besides, his presence in London would give rise to all sorts of difficulties because of his relationship to the Royal House, and this has been put before him, so I understand, quite distinctly and plainly.



Photograph] **THE HOUSE-WARMING AT "THE CHEQUERS"** *[Central Press*

A distinguished party of guests were present for the house-warming at "The Chequers," the Premier's new country residence. In the front row, reading from left to right, can be seen: Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss Megan Lloyd George and Lord Reading, Mr. J. W. Davis (U.S. Ambassador), Mrs. Davis and Lord Riddell. Back row, extreme right: Sir Robert Horne and Lord Milner. Left: Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF NICE
Taken during the preliminary trials of the Regatta which takes place at the end of this month. The picture shows the two yachts, "Melisande" and "Psyche"

On the Riviera.

So there is serious talk of closing all gambling rooms at Nice, and the other Riviera towns are not unsympathetic; but it is not a wave of American Puritanism that causes this anxiety, or any wish on the part of the Littoral to become chemically pure like her sister Republic, but the fact that the state demands so much in the way of taxation that the game is ceasing to reward its promoters. It is virtually a threat to strike on the part of Casino proprietors, and at that favourite time usually selected by strikers—the height of the Season. Certainly, around the more popular tables where the little plunger takes his *douche*, the crowds are very thin—the one-franc sportsman rather objects to paying a tax on his entrance ticket for the privilege of chucking his money away. There is playing at all the music-halls—but these rooms are now losing money very fast. What with *taxe de séjour*, luxury, *municipale*, and all the rest of it, not to mention the ever-present *timbre*, it does look as though the state was biting off its own nose, not that one wants to call the Riviera the nose of France exactly.

And just here it is well enough to advise visitors to be very clear on the subject of identity cards in France. Possessing one will be the best way of keeping out of difficulties with officialdom. For a stay of over two months they are absolutely necessary: and if any one is bringing his Rolls or his pet motor-boat or the kitchen-range, to declare same at the tax office is a first duty, or a harassing time will ensue. You declare everything but your lady friend when you come to the Riviera these days.

Photograph *E. Navello*
SIR HUGO DE BATH
On the links at Monte Carlo where celebrities from all over the world are indulging in rounds of "the Royal and Ancient"

Photograph *E. Navello*
A FAMILY CONSTITUTIONAL
The Duke of Leeds (left) with his son and daughter, taking a morning stroll at Monte Carlo

Plans are well in hand for the reception of King Carnival, and all manner of fêtes are being prepared. There's to be a great ball at the Ruhl, the like of which Nice has never seen before. Venetian masks are to be seen everywhere, and for once in a way the Niçois looks like being ready for the fray. Even the best people are not holding back—a mask will save them from criticism, and already dainty ladies with solicitous mammas are to be seen at the Lafayette selecting silks for

ON THE RIVIERA (*concluded*)

dominoes—and these must be silk or velvet, such is the mandate of the authorities—even to specifying the number of threads of silk in the material to be used (51 *fils de soie au quart de pouce*), which strikes one as just a note

"Professor Paul who elegantly dances the Shimmy"

of trade in the midst of so much anticipated joy and abandon. Blue and amber are the colours for the great *redoute*, while the *vegliones* simply stipulate *la grande toilette du bal* and *cavaliers* must wear white ties. Such is the gaiety of nations!

CAN anything more annoy a Britisher than the male attire of the average Riviera knut? All that he holds dear, all that he learnt at Eton—all that Oxford taught him—and all that Bond Street confirmed as the best form, the correct thing, is ruthlessly violated by the Continental man of fashion.

SPATS with turned-up trousers; white waistcoats with "smoking"; tie-pins with soft collars; rings and things—horrible! impossible!! He certainly takes some beating this Continental Beau Brummel, and it is not amiss at all that the circumspect committee of the great balls declares in official print for white ties only.

ON the other hand, how many rightly dressed men does one see in London town in these times of sartorial transition? At any rate, Charles Hawtry is one of them—and looked it too as he sat lunching outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo the other day.

FROM Cannes to Mentone—what an entrancing run by the *rapide!*—villas, flowers, oranges—all that the frost has left—a garland or, perhaps, as the train rushes along, it is more like a fruit salad. Celebrity punctuates the journey. One afternoon this week at Cannes it was three Grand Dukes, Baron Henri de Rothschild (whose yacht is at the Quai Albert Edouard), and an American Ambassadress, Mrs. Hugh Wallace; in the station at Nice was Jean de Reszke, who teaches singing on the Côte d'Azur while "*hivernanting*," as they say; at Monte Carlo the supreme Camille

"Wandering minstrels who play on the terraces"

Blanc; and the little lady with so many jewels?—"*c'est Madame Dreyfus—la mère d'Alfred*"—and at Mentone, de Windt, famous explorer. There you have the tale of four towns—Cannes, yachts, Grand Dukes, Ambassadors, and gout; Nice, ultra-Bohemianism, song; Monte Carlo, the game; Mentone, seriousness—life taken in earnest! All this in railway stations. Where else can you find the same? It is the people who make the Riviera—the Peerage and the "Almanac de Gotha" are the "Baedekers" of the Côte d'Azur. Alas! *mes amis*, that these folk are not so interesting as Professeur Paul *avec son élégante manière de danser le* Shimmy!

WOMEN here are more *outré* in attire than they dare venture in London or Paris. The Chinese vogue is just to the fore—umbrella handles the size of cricket bats, hats like simple maidens in *Chu Chin Chow*. A lady in the Cirque Privé at Monte Carlo the other night appeared in Oriental array, and looked an *édition de luxe* of *The Light of Asia*.

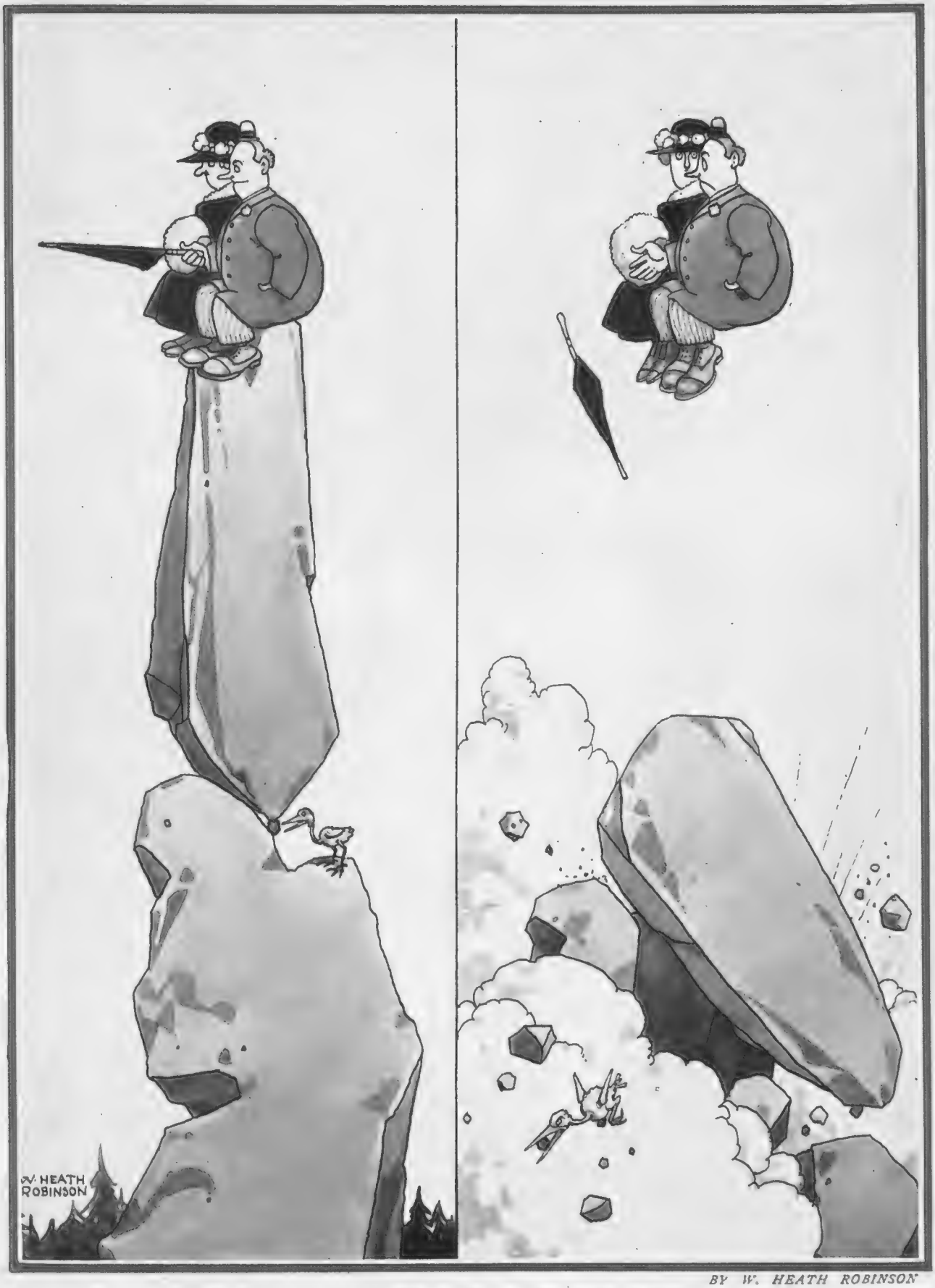
THERE'S a lot of romance about the Riviera—when you are in England. Helen McKie kept up the right spirit in that charming drawing of winter in Italy, in a recent BYSTANDER. She pictured for those who stay at home what they want and those who go abroad what they don't get. Truly a diplomat. "Sweetly the music of Italian musicians floated across the orange-scented air!" Candidly, they do the thing much better in Soho than they do at Bordighera—and as for the moth-eaten wandering minstrels who play on the terraces of Le Grand Palais and the Hermitage—in brief, the tenor would be a treat for a chiropodist. But that is why

"Like simple maidens in 'Chu Chin Chow'"

we come abroad—to appreciate home, England, and beauty the more.

I SEE, by the way, that Vicomte Jean Audren de Rerdrel has been appointed English manager of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. It will be remembered that he married the daughter of Henry Halsey, of Henley Park, Guildford.

A Silly Sort of Thing—



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

—That sometimes happens in the Pyrenees

BITERS BITTEN

II.—THE PERSONA GRATA

BY DELL LEIGH

It may be noted that when the triumvirate of Bill Withers, Joe Alcock and Harry Adams, those inveterate, and professional, followers of horse-racing, commonly known as Punters, had brought off the successful coup against Harry Hodder of Hoxton, the bookmaker who loved a day's fishing, they all three agreed on the advisability of self-effacement for a spell of days. The coup having been successful beyond their wildest expectations, and being, as they were, very considerably in funds for the moment, a policy of demobilisation from the five-shilling ring was deemed the better part of speculation. For the fraternity of the bookmaker is a close and loyal brotherhood, and when one sufferer lifts up his voice and laments there are usually others, more knowing than he, who hear, and give counsel.

Wherefore we next find Joe, living amid peace and double Burton with a married sister at the "Unicorn" at Broadstairs. Harry, in a cheap lodging-house in a Newmarket bye-street, picking up, in the "Crown and Surcingle," such jewels as fell from time to time from the lips of stable boys. And Bill, that born leader of men, reclining gracefully on the horse-hair sofa in his aged and adoring mother's cottage on the outskirts of Birmingham.

But, unlike his two companions, Bill was by no means idle. That quick, resourceful brain was at work and Bill, endowed with a certain charm of manner and clean linen, washed by the aged mother, was making friends. The particular friend under construction was William Waverley, Turf Accountant and Commission Agent, or, in vulgar parlance, an "S.P. Bookie." Waverley had not been very long at the game, hence Bill's predelection for his society, but his Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow upbringing had made him rat-like in cunning, quick and slippery of thought. Thus had he worked up quite a good little connection with those whose ways lie in "dollars to win" or "five bob each way and a double." Consequently, his first floor office at the corner of Arthur Street and King Street was a hive of minor industry any racing day between 12 and 4. It was a pleasant companionship, that of the experienced Bill Withers, the more so since he would frequently have a fiver on an outsider who infrequently arrived, and was therefore grist to the mill of a man with a young business. Also Bill paid up promptly, and with good grace, and generally had a couple of Coronas in his vest pocket, and would loll in one of William's pegamoid chairs and watch, with an indolent eye, the results jerking through the tape machine almost daily.

It was on one such day that Bill, an eye cocked towards the result of the 3.30, pondered benignly on the fruition of a plan. "Awkward for you, Will, if that there tape machine went wrong while you're at work?"

William was at that moment heavily engaged on the telephone in the gentle art known as "laying off" with a brother "Accountant," and only gave half an ear.

"Eh? Oh, yes, they do sometimes; can't be helped, y'know. Do y'r best, then. That you, Alf? I'll 'ave twenty pounds Merryvale, ten Sir Percival, five Castanette—got me? Right."

The next day Bill mobilised his forces. And Joe Alcock, in his youth an electric fitter's "mate" of no mean capacity, and Harry Adams, who once played a clarionet in a London theatre orchestra until an excess of cakes and ale had caused him to fall into the front row stalls, both stepped briskly on to the platform of Birmingham Central out of the overcrowded 6.50.

For three days prior to the big race at Doncaster the *persona grata* in Waverley's office had been betting rather heavily. But with a certain amount of luck, and some information which had cost Harry several double whiskies at Newmarket. So that on the day of the big race William Waverley, who had made up a very profitable book, invited his friend and counsellor genially to "get it all back, my boy, with a nice fat bet." There were only three likely horses, although the public appeared to think otherwise, and Bill Withers hovered volubly and hesitatingly between the three, although the starting price would be fairly long in either case.

The big race was at 3. And at 3.27 Waverley's tape machine began ticking, and then unaccountably stopped. This was not surprising had William known. For the wires ran under the floorboards of the corridor, beneath the corner of a lavatory at the end, and thence to the outer world. In the lavatory, Joe Alcock was safely locked, with a foot of floorboard removed, his watch lying at his side, and two skilful hands at work.

"Damn the thing!" exclaimed Bill, petulantly, with an ear strained to the open office window, whence he expected sounds.

"Never mind," murmured the Commission Agent, whose book was a beauty, and who didn't much care if the roof fell in, "are y' goin' to have a bet before the results come through? That machine'll rectify itself in a minute or two."

On the corner of the street stood a shabby man playing a clarionet rather well. As a newspaper boy rushed by he stopped his tune and beckoned. Then, after a glance at his paper, he seemed to have forgotten what he had been playing, for the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie" fell suddenly upon the welcome ears of the *persona grata*, who acted accordingly.

"Yes, can't let the big race go by without a gamble," he replied, with desperation. "I shall have a pony on Finisterre, an' chance the ducks."

It was all the same to William, who smiled and turned to his book.

"Right y'are, my boy, but for God's sake go and get a paper; that machine isn't workin' yet."

Bill disappeared to do so. He utterly ignored a man in blue overalls who came out of the lavatory as he passed. But he did vouchsafe a solemn wink to the clarionet-player on the street corner. Perhaps he liked the player's face, or was sorry for him. Or maybe he thought he was an accommodating sort of chap, who would have played Tosti's "Good-Bye" if Grandiloquent had won, or even "Songs of Araby" had Sabian romped home. Who knows?

D.L.

A Photo Fantasy

BY VICTOR HICKS

NOTRE DAME—A MYSTIC MOMENT

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"He has called to him a very—

—respectable teacher of dancing"

FORBIDDEN FRUIT "REFRESHER"

MES AMIS—

I REMEMBER to have written you how the good has come out of the evil. That was how the divorce could not be made because there is not any spare flats. Now it is the turn of the evil to come out of the good. *Cela pourrait être aussi intéressant pour vous, n'est-ce pas?* You are going to see.

IT is I think because the Cardinal-Archbishops do not go to the dancings. They only hear about them. And when they hear, the news are old. Only in this manner can it be accounted how the Cardinal-Archbishops go to anathematise the wickednesses antediluvian, as if they were the vices of the *actualité*.

THERE is the new Archbishop of Paris, who has no sooner taken up his office than he has a *mandement* read in all the churches of the diocese, which is a terrible condemnation of the immodest dresses and the indecent dances. The dresses, he says, which are intended to reveal much more than to conceal, are quite opposed to the Christian decency; and the dances, exotic in the name and in the origin, are also an offence against which the women of the diocese are "conjured to react."

THE Archbishop's wonderful predecessor, Cardinal Amette, has also thundered at the barebacks and the tangos. But he was an exception in archbishops. He had what the American journalists describe "a nose for news," and has heard of these perils at the commencement. His condemnation was what may be called the thunder in advance. Moreover, he has obtained the first-hand evidence. He has called to him a very respectable teacher of dancing, and has asked him to give the exhibition exact of how the suspect dances are exaggerated in the public places. Thus he has avoided to make the mistake of denouncing something which he has not understood, although he has not escaped the other danger of making the forbidden fruit appear more attractive.

BUT the present Cardinal-Archbishop must be not aware that Cardinal Amette has already made the endeavour to crush out these two evils of the dressing and the dance. Just as he is not aware that he is blowing once more into flame a dying fire. It may be, as the wittiest of French writers has alleged, that it is because he has come to the Paris palace from Rouen. Rouen finds itself, as most travellers remember, on a railway where the trains are always late. It is not to be surprised at that the fashions take a long time to arrive at Rouen. So that all that was the *dernier cri* in our incomparable Paris several months ago may be quite possibly the *dernier cri* in the dear old capital of Normandy just now.

(*Continued on page 130*)

"They had got into their pretty little heads"

"On the Roof of the World"

SKATING AT MÜRREN
Lady Malcolm, the wife of Sir Ian Malcolm, is seen with her youngest son on the rink

A NOVICE
All are not experts who indulge in winter sports, and Lady Guthrie is seen taking a skating lesson

Photographs *Central News*

SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS
Lady Ardee and the Hon. Mrs. Brabazon enjoying a rest after a strenuous "trek" over the snow. In some parts the snow has been barely an inch deep. At Mürren they have had many heavy falls, and sport has been excellent

Photograph *Sport and General*

ADMIRING THE VIEW
Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttleton has been spending some time in Switzerland. He was, it will be recollected, Head Master of Haileybury and Eton respectively, for some years

FATHER AND DAUGHTER ON THE ICE
Major the Hon. N. Lytton and his youngest daughter, the Hon. Winifred Lytton taking some exercise. All society, apparently, has gathered together this year at Mürren, which is, of course, an ideal winter resort

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Dressed to look like prim young maidens of a ladies' school"

WHAT is certain is that the Cardinal-Archbishop has made an attack on the unfashionable in Paris. And this is not at all unlikely to have the opposite effect of which he sought. The craze of the dance was tottering to the fall. One could discover quite a lot of lady friends who had not for a whole week been to one dancing. That was why so many of the patrons had announced they were about to close their doors and others had burned the oil of midnight to invent new allurements like the Twilight or the Whisper valse. And as for the dresses of which the Cardinal-Archbishop is so untimely to complain. Well, no Parisienne who was not risking to be thought out of the date would have had the unwisdom to appear in one since many months.

BUT now! Well, now the Cardinal-Archbishop has given these passing out of date allurements once more of the attractiveness. Anything that is *défendu* creates at once a desire in the breast of even the most modern Eve—*blasée* as she is by tasting those delights that Paris above all cities has, perhaps, the most to offer. Most probably it is because of this very *blasé*-ness that anything that seems to have of the suggestion of the forbidden fruit becomes an adventure holding a delight *exquis*, and of clearly such is the mitred thunder from the cathedral close.

IT is simple to be anticipated that the more the fruit is forbidden the sweeter it will become in the eyes of these bewitching charmers, whose one thought is to appear more seductive in the eyes of man. They had got into their pretty little heads the idea that the bathing-costume dresses they had given up to wear, and the much-denounced but really boring dances they were *trop ennuyé* to dance, had lost their *risqué* flavour by too long familiarity. Now that they come to be told that they are really wicked, with all the solemn majesty and pomp which gives the Church to its pronouncements, it is little to be wondered that they will employ again the wiles of past success than the doubtful scheme of an assumed simplicity in frocks and bearing.

HOW the ladies with the thin and bandy legs must feel annoyed at the Cardinal-Archbishop! They were, after the long times of mental torture in the unfair competition with their more lusciously blessed and artistically curved sisters, getting on the level terms. The terrible armoury of the deliciously rounded *mollet* and the graceful, swan-white *dos* against which the single weapon of wit must fight a battle too unequal, were being gradually retired from the fray under the cover of the lengthening skirts and the highering waists. There was a promise that very soon our most advanced Parisiennes would probably be dressed to look like prim young maidens of a ladies' school, and, instead of visiting fourteen times a week at the dancings, would give their days and nights to the study of law or medicine or some scientific profession that would make them independent of the *dot*-pursuing husband. It is now to wait and see whether the new fashions will not be put away until the old have had a surprise renewal of favour at the unintentional impulse of the Church.

"To the study of law or medicine

ALREADY has there been the outpost skirmishing between the fashion houses that design for the more carefully mannered ladies and the others which cut their gowns to please the *clientèle* of the more daring *monde*. For the first, *bien entendu*, the words of the *mandement* just supply a needed note. The others do not so think. They appear to base their policy on Pascal, who, perhaps, did have the Rue de la Paix in his mind when he flashed forth his famous phrase, "*Vérité en deçà, erreur au delà.*"

ROLAND

Anything But a "Movie"

BY THORPE

WHY THE "MOVE" TOOK SO LONG

A Fair Notion

AND A DECIDED "POINT" IN FAVOUR OF THE LEAGUE

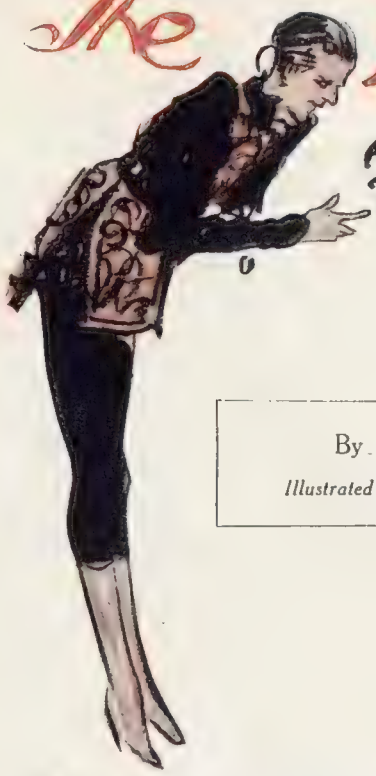
Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

A new and unpublished portrait of one of the beautiful American models brought over by Mr. Cochran, now appearing in his new production at the Oxford, which, since the recent alterations, is perhaps the most beautifully "decorated" theatre in Europe

The Romantic Age

AT THE PLAYHOUSE



By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE trouble arose apparently from Mr. Knowle's mistake in naming his daughter "Melisande." Mrs. Knowle, who at the time was, of course, not well enough to give much attention to the matter, distinctly understood that the name was to be Millicent, and as there was a Millicent of repute in the family, she let it go at that. But Melisande grew up under the influence of the name that had been given her, and absorbed its romantic quality into her system. When the play opens we find her head full of notions about medieval knights and their deeds of derring-do.

ONE evening, Bobby Coote asks her to marry him, but she points out the absurdity of entertaining such an idea. She calls attention to his very modern dress-bow, which is the same as every other man's and just as painfully ordinary. Her idea of a lover is a gallant knight who will fling her across his horse and ride away with her to his feudal castle in the west. There is the very correct suggestion that the usual hermit will be in his cave ready to marry the couple in a hurry, but if he should not be at home—well, romance and marriage are not necessarily synonymous.

(Continued on page 136)

A Study in

THE HEIR BRINGS

Expressions

BY A. K. MACDONALD

HOME THE BRIDE

I SUPPOSE there are ladies nowadays who are still influenced by legends of the age of chivalry; though I think if Melisande had been a member of my family I should have proposed and seconded the desirability of having the state of her mind enquired into. The romantic era is full of stories of gallant knights who rescued a damsel in distress, though as to the extent to which the damsel's distress was thereby relieved, the historian very discreetly deponeth not. He just gets us guessing. Melisande seems to have an idea that one day a gallant knight will ride away with her and they will go and dwell in marble halls and live on biscuits and Burgundy, while, for recreation, she will make tapestries and he will go out and knife the neighbours into a fatal sickness. But nowadays it isn't done.

MRS. KNOWLE, Melisande's mother, is, as has already been hinted, a rather prosaic lady. Her idea is to get her daughter off, whereas Melisande does not wish to be got off. I gather that she wants rather to float off. She quotes to her mother a few lines from Tennyson's "Fatima," such as: "Once he drew with one long kiss my whole soul through my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew," and asks her mother whether she remembers anything of that sort happening when father was courting her. Mrs. Knowle admits that her memory of her courtship days is now a little unreliable, but she is sure that she and her future husband never went out drinking dew together.

THE most daring thing the young couple seem to have done was to drive in London for an hour in a hansom cab, which, when we remember the cab-driver's playful way of peeping through his trap-door at intervals, was after all not such a very risky adventure. Melisande, however, is not to be coaxed into mediocrity by her mother's fine example; and she protests loudly her horror at having to interrupt her speculations in the realm of dear romance by an excursion into the kitchen to show the cook how to make the bread sauce for dinner.

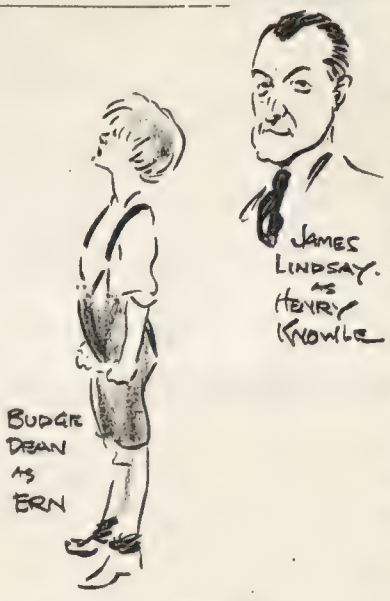
THEN a strange thing happens, though in an extravagant play of this sort anything might happen to anybody, I suppose, without exciting surprise. A young motorist of the name of Gervase Mallory (shade of King Arthur!) runs out of petrol close by Mr. Knowle's house, and asks if he may borrow enough to enable him to proceed to his destination. Mr. Knowle is delighted to oblige; and while his chauffeur is supplying the goods, he begs that Mr. Mallory will come in and have a whisky and soda. The young man avails himself of the hospitality accordingly. He comes into the hall covered from head to foot in a voluminous overcoat which Mr. Knowle invites him to remove for a moment. When Mr. Knowle turns his head again he sees in the chair opposite him a fine figure of a man in doublet and hose, with a decorative dagger in his belt, and for the moment Mr. Knowle is not quite sure that

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

his vision remains unimpaired. He is inclined to put it down to the whisky. But Mr. Mallory hastens to reassure his host. He is on his way to a fancy-dress ball, and now he comes to think of it there really is something of an anachronism in the sight of one of the flower of chivalry sitting down with a cigarette and a whisky-and-soda. Just as he is leaving Melisande comes into the room. It is a case of love at first sight on both sides, though, of course, it was long odds on Melisande's side getting there first.

IN the second act we are taken to "a glade in the Wood," a very beautiful scene suggestive of all that is best in poetry and romance. Mr. Mallory is sitting on a grassy bank wondering how he will manage for breakfast. His car went wrong for the second time the previous evening and all he could do was to sit dozing in it till dawn. About this time Melisande goes for a stroll in the same wood and, meeting the gallant knight, at once falls more deeply in love than ever with him. Seeing the kind of person he is dealing with, Mr. Mallory plays up to her eccentricity handsomely. He talks taffy by the yard till she is only too eager to own him as her "lord," and to permit him to imprint a chaste kiss, speaking romantically, of course, upon her ruby lips. If swift love-making of this sort is a faithful reproduction of the ways of the age of chivalry, it would seem that even our modern flappers have something to learn from the brave days of old.

IN the third act, which takes place at Melisande's home on the following afternoon, the gallant knight is in danger of losing a little of the brightness of his halo. To begin with, Mrs. Knowle, whose one idea is to marry her daughter off suitably, ascertains by an adroit manipulation of the small talk, that Mr. Mallory owns a car and is something on the Stock Exchange. He is thus in her view an eligible; and she at once begins to extol Melisande's skill in housekeeping, and her rare ability at the cooking stove. As Melisande has already assured us that she heartily loathes



all sordid domestic details of the kind, Mrs. Knowle's terminological inexactitudes become very amusing in a strictly mild and polite way. Miss Lottie Venne is really very precious in this part, and she gives her maternal solicitude a delightfully droll aspect.

ONE of the characters that Mr. Mallory meets in the wood is a jovial travelling pedlar, a most agreeable creation, played by Mr. Tom Reynolds. The pedlar's chief theme is the happiness of the married state which he extols liberally and loudly after an experience of thirty years or so. This, of course, pleases the ladies very much, as it is so seldom that they get an admission of the kind from the enemy, as it were. The pedlar is also quite apt at quoting snatches from the poets. He speaks of Shakespeare as the great William, and of Tennyson as the great Alfred. This detail tempts the author into a playful gibe which is hardly in keeping with the rest of his delicate and dainty humour. As thus. The pedlar asks: "What does the great Alfred say?" And Mr. Mallory replies at once. "I never read the *Daily Mail*." It gets a laugh, of course; but was it worth it? For the rest, Miss Cathleen Nesbit is wholly charming as the romantic Melisande and Mr. Arthur Wontner is agreeably impressive as the gent from the Morte d'Arthur era. JINGLE.

By C. E. B. Bernard

OUR AUTOCRATIC WORKING MEN

The Novel Girl

BY IRENE HARRISON

SOMEONE said of the Holy Roman Empire that it was not Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire, but that otherwise the title was correct. I feel inclined to say that there is precisely the same amount of truth in the oft-repeated saying that novelists hold the mirror up to Nature; for frequently their ideas about women are enough to bring a blush to the cheek of a monkey.

The plain, honest man, who credits the mirror notion, and seeks enlightenment on love and its ways with womenkind must, indeed, shudder with apprehension at the semi-young ladies to be met with in the pages of best-sellers, for whom life is a series of mad, magenta minutes. I declare I don't know a more discouraging spectacle than the mirrors that some of our novelists are holding up to Nature.

. . . . . .

The real girl of to-day is not a species of Bolshevixen accustomed habitually to exceed the speed limit in every sort of way, and liable to be found at odd moments sprawling about on a divan inadequately attired.

. . . . . .

Then quantities of novelists go to the other extreme, and picture a woman sitting in soft, rosy raiment like the perfect heart of a perfect rose, in the scented coolness of a pink room. That, as far as I can remember it, is a description from a recent popular novel. This heroine, both beautiful and brainy, had never flirted, and, therefore, "had known no kiss except her father's matutinal and nocturnal peck."

I suppose it was this class of perfect heroine that formed the principal reading of a "thoroughly nice" bachelor of forty-five, about whom I was told the other day. His knowledge of us was drawn from books, as he had no female belongings. Then suddenly he married, and deterioration in his manner to women set in immediately. And, if you please, all this was "blamed on"—excuse the phrase—his wife. They said it was *her* work, because she had not reached the lofty pinnacle of the Novel Girl.

Can you beat it?

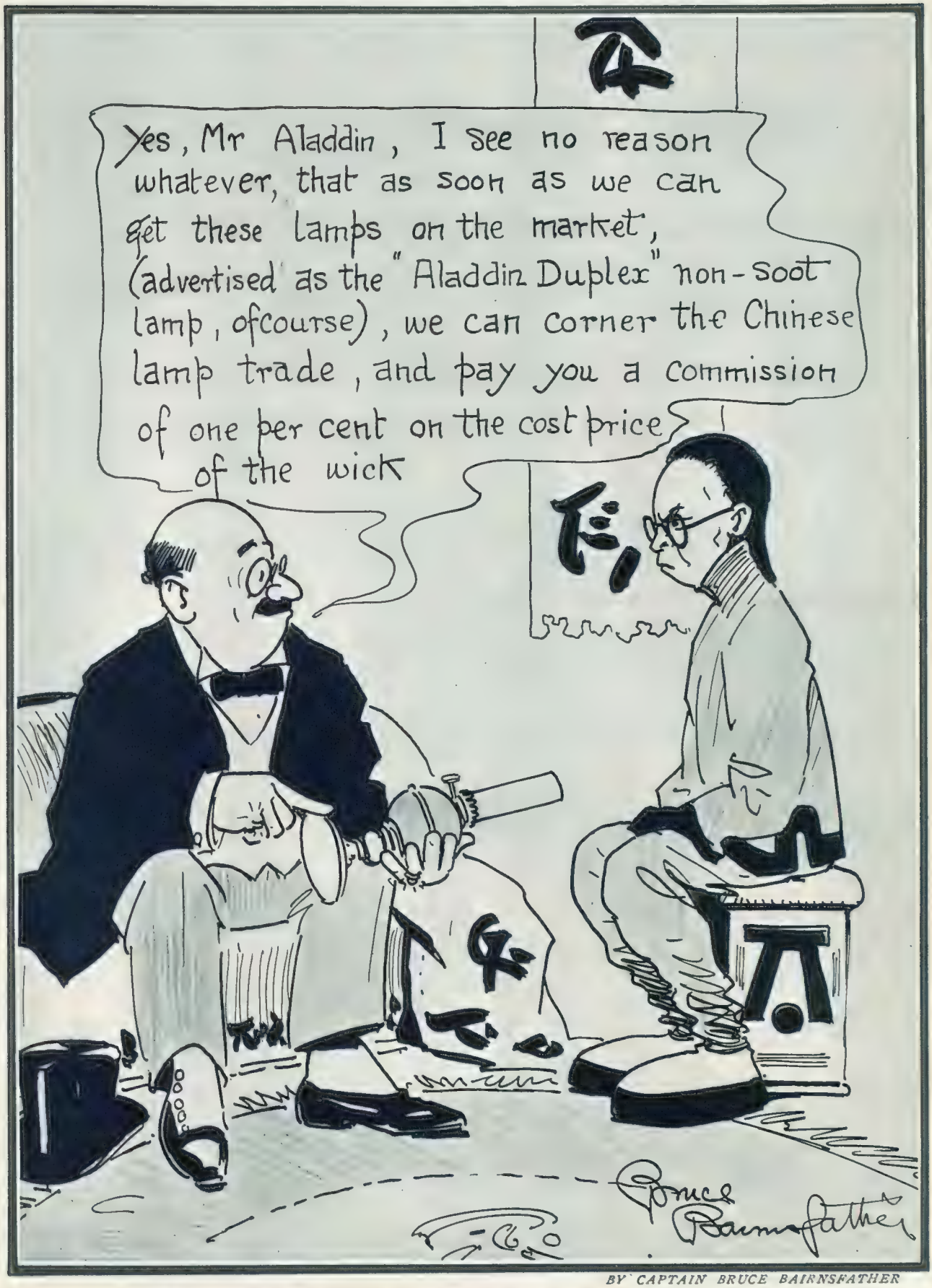
Of course, if certain novelists do really believe that they are holding the mirror up to Nature—well, then, all that I can say is:

"There are more lies in honest truth,
Believe me, than in half the frauds."

I. H.

Famous Fiction Characters

BROUGHT TO LIFE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Aladdin receives a visit from the managing director of the People's Co-operative Lamp Combine

"Handsome Is As Handsome Does"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

The short-tailed hunter with a sporting farmer on his back gives a gallant lead over the stile to the obvious satisfaction of his rider. Other members of the field, on more highly-bred animals, apparently do not like the look of this "way out"

The Artistic Talent of René Rigolot

BY ERIC GORDON

René Rigolot was on his last legs, and it was New Year's Eve. Twenty-five is young to have reached the end of one's tether. But, even at twenty-five, one must be prepared for many things if one is ready to do anything for a living.

René drew up his mental balance sheet as follows: Assets, a rich father, an artistic temperament, and a strong will; Liabilities, an ignorant dislike of art and pig-headed obstinacy on the part of the father aforesaid, together with his own shameful knowledge of a despised trade.

A harsh world, if it had bothered its head at all about René—which it did not—would have audited his accounts:—Liabilities, an irremediable estrangement from a wealthy and practical parent, a lazy temperament involving dislike of regular employment, and obstinacy; assets, some knowledge of a business, and a cheerful opportunism.

René had once had a candid friend who hinted as much to him, dwelling particularly on the worldly asset of knowledge of a business.

"Do you know," asked René, hastily retrieving from the floor, before the candid friend had time to stoop for it, the unconsumed portion of the evening's cigar dropped by a customer leaving the café, "what that business is? It is the family scandal, which I would reveal to no one but you. My father is a sausage-maker! Could I—could anyone with the soul of an artist—devote his divine gifts to confining the flesh of many free-born wild creatures, together with the products of the vegetable kingdom, within the skin of a hideous sausage?"

"The point is," said the candid one, "that if you will consent to encase the approved elements in the skins of sausages, you will be rich. After all, is it more noble to concoct a tale of mystery than to compose a sausage? Is it more honourable to get the slender pink limbs of your model into *La Vie* than to place the tender pinkness of the virgin sausage on the butcher's counter? And if you refuse, you——"

"Starve, at the moment," admitted René, frankly. "I prefer it. But a time will come when the world will recognise my artistic talents."

"You have yet to recognise them yourself, René," rejoined the other. "You have tried painting—and your only success was when your great canvas of 'Sirens Charming Ulysses' was purchased to illustrate the series 'Monsters of the Deep,' by the Amphibian Society's Journal. Your only literary success was the purchase of 'The Sweet Ghosts of Dead Rosebuds—A Prose Poem' by the 'Criminal's Weekly,' who published it under the title of 'From the Padded Cell.' You once appeared on the stage, but your first night terminated the engagement——"

"Why, that was a real success," interrupted René. "You saw me, and told me yourself that I drew tears in that part."

"You did, René—but only from the manager and box-office clerk. The question is not yet whether the world thinks you an artist, but what sort of one you think you are yourself?"

"That," replied René, getting up with dignity, "Time will decide," and departed through the door with a celerity that left his friend to pay for both *bocks*—a clear proof of the risks attending a display of candour, and of René's opportunism.

Time had shown a distinct lack of decision in the matter up till the New Year's Eve in question. An unsuccessful day had drawn to an extremely disastrous close when, at 6 p.m., his landlord had turned René out of his garret, with the intimation that he need not expect re-admittance till he was prepared to unlock the door with the golden key of his long overdue rent.

Without a bed, without money, with nothing pawnable, things looked like being very uncomfortable for René Rigolot. He was so hungry that he could have eaten anything—even sausages. Tramping along the Boulevard Montmartre at the hour of the evening *apéritif*, even his ebullient hope and willingness to do anything—except sausage-making—began to lapse into a gloomy despair, as he watched the well-dressed crowds sauntering past.

Outside a large café the word "Artists" in large capitals caught his eye. Closer inspection showed it to be a placard belonging, not to the café itself, but to the entrance to the next-door block of offices. It was an agent's poster, the full legend running, "Variety Artists Wanted—All Lines."

"At last," cried René to himself, cheerfully, "that is what I am, of course. Fool, not to have realised it before—I am a bit of all sorts of an artist—therefore, a variety artist." He climbed the stairs to that agent's office with all the speed that re-born hope could lend to a weary frame.

Inside the agent's door, he was confronted by a very large man wearing hat and coat, a remarkable astrachan collar, a more remarkable diamond pin, and a most remarkable nose.

"You want—monsieur?" he queried shortly, for it was seven o'clock, the agent wanted his dinner, and was ready to go.

"You advertise, I see, for variety artists?" said René.

"The office is closed, monsieur—come to-morrow."

"To-morrow. Impossible. I shall have no time."

"But to-night I have no time—or inclination. Come, monsieur."

"At least," said René, in dignified tones, "tell me what you want in the way of artists."

The agent looked him up and down, and placed him fairly accurately.

"It's no good," he said. "Can you dance? Can you sing—swallow swords—conjure—do contortions — acrobatics — do trick-cycling? No, to every one—I can see it."

"Monsieur," said René, with dignity, "I will not deceive you. I have not yet done any of these

"THE ARTISTIC TALENT OF RENÉ RIGOLOT" (*concluded*)

things on the variety stage. But I am perfectly confident——"

"And useless," retorted the agent, still more abruptly, for it was not his dinner alone that waited, but—more important—someone who was to help him eat it—and disliked being kept waiting. "Monsieur—will you leave this office or shall I throw you downstairs?"

"I am too great an artist to do the one, and you too obviously a gentleman——"

The pretty compliment was never finished. Exasperated beyond endurance, the agent made one bound at the unfortunate René, caught him by the shoulders and thrust him through the door, giving him an encouraging push with his foot—he did not mean it to be more—but he was a big and well-fed man, René a slight and hungry one. René shot across the little landing to the head of the stairs. No one could blame the man, or praise René for what followed. It was the typist from the next door above, her fondness for bananas and her untidy, not to say dirty habits, which were responsible. René's legs slid suddenly from under him and he took those seventy-two stairs, at first with the deliberation of a dreadnought leaving her stocks, and, finally, with the haste of a man nearing the bottom of the greasy pole.

He saw the pavement for an instant below him, and made one mighty effort to regain his footing. His body failed to respond—his legs and arms became inextricably mixed—he bumped off the sixth stair into space—hit the door-post at about five feet from the ground—cannoned off it, and landed like a five-nine directly between two tables on the *terrasse* of the adjoining café.

The astonishment of the *apéritif*-sippers may be imagined. Everyone stood up and tried to catch a glimpse of the cause of the excitement. Yet when they succeeded, instead of rushing to his aid, everyone began to laugh. For the unfortunate René had landed face downwards, on his hands, with his legs tied in some inextricable knot behind his back and his feet crossed behind his neck. Before him lay his hat.

"Bravo, bravo—*c'est bien fait, ça*," cried a fat man at a neighbouring table, and he dropped a fifteen centime note into the hat. His friend followed suit, and several others added smaller sums.

"He's too good for a pavement artist," said the fat man. "Drink I suppose," he added, charitably, finishing his Vermouth-Cassis and ordering another.

René remained for a minute in his extraordinary pose, not to encourage the small contributions which still flowed in, but trying to collect himself, and realise that his bones were still intact. One man, sitting at the table nearest to him, more observant than most, said, "Pavement artist—nonsense. The fellow fell downstairs."

"Fell?" said the fat man, angrily. "You are drunk, my friend. I tell you he is a contortionist of the highest class."

"Idiot," said the man. "Here, my man. I'll give you five francs to do that again."

Five francs was just exactly the price of the most delectable New Year's Eve dinner that René could call to mind. Like a flash, he realised what had happened—He had discovered his talent—he was double-jointed!

With infinite care he disentangled himself, and, bowing to the amused company, turned, and crept upstairs, feeling like a victim of the rack. At the top of the flight he saw the banana skin that had caused the trouble, and absent-mindedly put it in his pocket. He sat gingerly on the top stair, and with an inward groan pushed himself off. He had not the faintest idea what to do, but trusted to Nature surpassing Art.

At about the tenth stair he made another effort to regain his footing, thrusting his legs backwards. He landed, not, indeed, on the café *terrasse* this time, but in the waistcoat of a large man standing directly in front of the stairs and peering up them—but his own feet were locked well behind his neck once more.

The large man was softer than the *terrasse* pavement. René disentangled himself with comparative ease, and collected his subscriptions. The total looked not far short of twenty francs, and he was just walking off, in the seventh heaven of delight, when his attention was called to the big man, who was being revived with brandy.

"Don't let him go," he spluttered. "Leave him alone—it was your own fault, Inquisitive," said a woman, looking at René with all the admiration of a Parisienne for the bizarre in her eyes.

"Why didn't you say you were a contortionist?" said the agent, hoarsely, for the big man was he. "I wasn't sure the first time you did it, but now—here, come upstairs—my dinner can wait."

Rignio Rigoletto is still Europe's Champion Contortion Artist, and the public will never weary of his Grand Marble Staircase Shute (or dream of how many powerful springs are concealed beneath the "marble"). Nor are they ever likely to know that the sealed gold casket that accompanies him on all his tours contains nothing more romantic than—a shrivelled piece of banana peel.

ERIC GORDON

Photograph] SOCIETY PORTRAITURE[3] [*Alfieri*

An example of Picasso's work at the Leicester Galleries. The "inventor" calls it "Lady in an Armchair." We suggest a few alternative titles, such as: "The League of Nations in 1999," "The 'Scrap the Dreadnought' Committee at Work," or "The Impure Milk Scandal." No doubt if we could meet the lady who sat as model for the "picture" we might get yet further inspirations. We have no use, however, for the chair

(F)Ireland

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

A COUNTRY FIT FOR A NERO TO LIVE IN

Wife of a New Baronet

Photograph *Speaight, Ltd.*

LADY MILLS

Whose husband, Sir Frederick Mills, was the recipient of a baronetcy in the New Year's Honours List. He is Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Monmouth and Chairman of the Ebbw Vale Steel and Iron Company

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 17

DEAR COUSIN—

NATURE'S in her very most capricious mood just now, isn't she? To-day spring, to-morrow winter. One day it's brilliant soft sunshine, with primroses and roses and snowdrops and pansies all bursting out into bloom like mad. It is a world of gold, with birds and children and little dogs and other young things all come out to play. And the next day, greyness and chilliness and dulness reign supreme. The heavens frown or weep; the earth is an abomination of desolation; and our sins and regrets and unpaid bills loom gloomily up at us on the cheerless horizon.

"One day it's brilliant soft sunshine"

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DID primitive man, and woman, ever get so much "under the weather" as we do, I wonder—spite of having only caves and things instead of nice solid brick houses with baths, h. and c., and usual offices to live in (at a nice solid premium)? Rather doubt it, myself. Children, for instance, as some doctor man's been remarking, don't mind a bit about the little comforts of life that we make such a fuss over, and the blackest storms and dreariest days and bitterest chills fail to fill them—unless we instil the idea into their young minds—with discomfort or depression.

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FACT is, I suppose, we've really worked much too hard through the generations making life ever more complicated and artificial. The simplest joys are the best—the ones no money can buy, be you ever so prosperous a profiteer. "The great things are just sweet SIMPLE things," as that charming philosopher, "Arthur Pendenys" remarks in *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*. "I believe in the mind of a child and the laughter which delights in things of pantomimic size—things fresh, joyous and gigantic.

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"I BELIEVE that there is joy in a fireside, be you never so lonely. . . . I believe that there is for most men some woman who, whatever her age, in his eyes will never grow old, and to whom he also appears to be always the gallant gentleman he once was when he first told her he loved her. . . . I believe that love is eternal. . . . I believe in only one aristocracy, and that is the aristocracy of fine minds. . . . I believe that Paradise can be here now to-day for all, a Paradise of health, work, simplicity, and love. . . ." And not such a bad *Credo* to start the New Year with, either, what?

"Telephones at eightpence a call"

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IS it, I wonder, partly because we're *afraid*, so many of us, of the "great simple things," that we've overlaid life with such a fearfully and wonderfully intricate superstructure of extras that sometimes we can hardly see the wood for the trees? Love, birth, death—these are, after all, the great facts of the world. Yet there are quite a lot of people, you know, surprising as it may seem, who shy timorously away from the subject of birth, try to treat death as if it were an exceptional accident, and avoid, as though it were something improper, any acquaintance with real love.

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VERY pleasant though, really, some, at any rate, of the artificial extras. Among which I do *not* include, may I add, telephones at eightpence a call (which it seems is to be our latest little bit of luck) nor income-tax at six shillings in the pound, or as much more as the Board of Inland Revenue can make it up to without you finding out. Gratifying reflection, by the way, isn't it, that having "won the War" we're now paying seven times as heavily in taxes for the privilege of continuing to exist as the "conquered" Huns—in spite of the fact that it's actually laid down in the Peace Treaty that the Germans must be taxed at least as much as any of the Allies. Why, oh, why *did* we go and win that War?

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A WAR to end war, by the way, wasn't it to be—or so at least we were told by Ministers and people once or twice, if not more? Yet now it seems, according to at least one of them, the position is such that any sort of idea of disarmament is "not practicable." In fact, says the same authority, the outlook is "terrifying." He doesn't hesitate either to underline the fact

that "one great Power outside the League of Nations" is going to build a huge navy that will lick creation—p'raps you can guess which that one is—and that we *may* have to look for trouble.

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But no use worrying ourselves to shadows, is it, even if we *have* got three-quarters of a million unemployed, and bankruptcies have doubled in the past year? Why worry too much about the to-morrow which may never come when to-day is here?

Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. . . .

Do believe, I do, that if we only concerned ourselves with the "great, simple things" of the moment and left the rest to take care of themselves we should be just as well off and quite probably just as happy, if not more so. Not that some of the other things, the little frills of life, are by any means to be despised here in London now—or any other time for that matter.

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"Going to build a huge navy that will lick creation"

Theatres, pictures, books—among the newest of which last I think Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence* and Knut Hamsun's *Pan*, in their very different ways, have intrigued me most. And talking of simple things—and the vagaries of nature—rather apropos, methinks, this little bit out of *Pan*:

Rain and storm; 'tis not such things that count. Many a time some little joy can come along on a rainy day, and make a man turn off somewhere to be alone with his happiness. Stand up somewhere and look out straight ahead, laughing quietly now and again, and looking round. What is there to think of? One clear pane in a window, a ray of sunlight in the pane, the sight of a little brook, or maybe a blue strip of sky between the clouds. It needs no more than that.

"Tenderly looked after"

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The picture season has set in again with at least its usual ferocity, including, for one, a Picasso show at the Leicester Galleries, where the brilliant Basque, who was the first and original founder of Cubism, is to be seen at his most Cubistic, and, to the mere lay observer, however anxious to admire, more or less utterly puzzling. As even Mr. Wyndham Lewis admits, the general public really ought to have "some sort of intensive training" to enable them to get any sort of idea of the meaning of the marvellous angles and figures and rhomboids and things that make up most of his masterpieces. It is all magnificently wonderful, says one critic, but is it art? The answer whereunto depends, of course, on yet another question . . . what is art? And the answer to *that* question, apparently (in the modernest art anyway) depends on the artist.

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Completest of contrasts, of course—refreshing or distressing, according to the point of view—in the National Portrait Society's show at the Grafton, which evening *habitués* of the Galleries must know pretty well by heart by now, having danced round them these many nights past. Perfect galaxies of Augustus Johns and McEvoys, with Lady Wimborne and Julia James among them, and—just to show how lovely and doll-like Court portraits *could* be fifty years ago—an 1864 Winterhalter portrait of Queen Alexandra, with corkscrew curls all complete.

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Talking of Basques, by the way, must tell you of yet another very delightful new food place that's just been invented in Dover Street, called the Maison Basque. Its *chef*, M. Hahn, who is also one of the proprietors, is himself a Basque, and was at one time *chef* to King Alfonso. It is one of those pleasant, quiet, oak-panelled little places, like the Ivy in its early days, where you are personally and tenderly looked after by the chief officials, instead of having your food just thrown at you, as in some restaurants I could name. And its special dishes—quail with stewed grapes was one I particularly loved—are quite a dream.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Sports on the Ice at St. Moritz

THE POTATO RACE
The children have just as good a time as the "grown-ups"

HEAVE!!
Rather slippery going for this sort of game, but the above winning team don't seem to find much difficulty in keeping their feet

SKATING RACE
This was taken just after the start of the 100 yards sprint. You can't "slack" if you really want to enjoy yourself

Photographs] SKIKJÖRING *Sport and General*

Recently a whole day was given to competitions and races on the ice at St. Moritz. Skikjöring is great fun if you can find somebody willing to pull you along like this gallant "cavalier." Usually the "game" is played with a horse instead of man, but of course, like this, it makes it doubly exciting—in a race

Photograph] THE PRINCE OUT WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOUNDS [*Sport and General*

His Royal Highness is never happier than when in the hunting field, and last week he had an exceptionally good run with the Brigade Draghounds at Windsor. He is seen arriving at the meet

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

A Clever Pair

I AM not surprised to see that "The Tout" has given us this week his impression of George Poole, the Lewes trainer, and Mr. "Tommy" Edge, who so cleverly looks over the interests of the stable. Last winter their successes were remarkable; this season they have been even more sweeping. Mr. Edge believes in the old saying that little fish are sweet, and does not turn up his nose at selling plates. On the contrary, he places his horses in them with almost uncanny judgment. George is a very industrious young fellow, and there is not a better stableman.

By "The Tout"

GEORGE POOLE AND "TOMMY" EDGE

Caught in the act of saddling "the goods." Last jumping season Poole's stable fairly swept the board and wound up a long way on top of the winning trainers. George Poole trains at Lewes, and has Mr. T. A. Edge as principal owner and presiding genius, for "Tommy" has the divine gift of "placing 'em"

The Spring Double

ALL this hurry to find the Spring double—in other words, the winners of the Lincolnshire and the Grand National—strikes me as being rather wonderful. Thousands of double-event bets on these races were made long before the entries appeared. Impetuous punters seem to ignore that there are such things as weights and acceptances. I gather that they have gone pretty solid for Always in the steeplechase, while the favourite choices for the Lincoln have been Poltava and Orpi. Other well-backed ones are Dynamo, March Along, Elfterion, Lacrosse, Southern, Earna, Wavy Stripe, and Ugly Duckling. I shall not give a tip until I see the acceptances.

Grand National

WHAT a Grand National entry! What visions of grief and riderless horses causing mischief to others arise! I sincerely hope the field for the big steeplechase will not be so gigantic as it promises to be, otherwise the favourites will find it difficult to steer clear of trouble. Of course, a large proportion of the ninety nominations will not run. The value of the race has been so increased that owners and trainers have simply shoved in any jumper that seems at all "likely." You can safely take thirty horses out of the entry and bet that they would not complete one round of the Aintree country, let alone two.

Newbury Prospects

THIS is about the slackest time of the National Hunt season, but interest will increase as soon as the Liverpool weights are out. This week there is promise of good sport at Newbury. It is always a pleasure to take one's seat in the Great Western's special at Paddington and be whisked within the hour to the borderland of Berkshire and

Hampshire, where you step out of the train practically into the Newbury paddock. On Wednesday we have the Sefton Steeplechase, which "Bob" Gore looks like taking with the selected of his batch. On the following day we find some of the best recruits to N.H. sport in the Berkshire Hurdle Race. **Sunstroke** may prove the best of them at the weights. At Lingfield on Friday, **Lavender Kid** may win the Newchapel Flat Race, and I select **Thomond** for the Howard Steeplechase.

Photograph *Photo Press*

PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE HENRY

Are seen at the meet of the Norfolk Foxhounds at Sporle. Both are excellent riders and very keen

Hunting Notes

Notable Changes

It is not often that the commands of two such famous packs as the Pytchley and the Cottesmore fall vacant simultaneously, and pessimists will probably make it an excuse for declaring, as they have done hundreds of times before, that foxhunting is in a bad way. But there is really nothing out of the ordinary about the changes in question. We all knew that Lord Lonsdale was only holding the Cottesmore fort until things settled down after the War, and very grateful the members of that Hunt are to him for his immeasurable services. It is unlikely that Lord Lonsdale is so keen on running a fashionable pack as he was in the memorable Quorn days, and he is ready to make way for a younger man. As for the Pytchley, Sir Charles Frederick frankly cannot tackle the increasing expenses of hunting that country, which he has restored to its former fame during his two seasons in office.

Photograph] **RESIGNING** *[Sport and General*

Mr. Douglas Crossman, who has been Master of the Cambridgeshire Foxhounds for over fifteen years, is retiring at the end of the season

£ s. d.

In spite of an increased scale of subscriptions it needs a very wealthy man to turn out these great Hunts with their traditional splendour. How much the shoe pinches is shown by the fact that the Grafton are reducing their number of hunting days. It costs £8,000 to run that country, and the subscription is about £2,000, so you can work out for yourself what sort of financial burden falls upon the M.F.H. Another recent resignation is that of Mr. Douglas Crossman from the leadership of the Cambridgeshire country, which he has hunted successfully for many seasons. He is retiring because he is going to live in a neighbouring county.

A Polo Note

I have received several enquiries as to the arrangements which are being made for spectators at the International polo matches at Hurlingham. I understand that a certain number of seats will be reserved for members and friends in the special stands which are being erected. The rest of the accommodation will be available for the public, who will have to purchase their seats not through the club, but through Mr. Alfred Hays. Public interest in the coming struggles looks like being exceedingly keen. The American ponies had a good passage across the Atlantic on the "Old North State," and are now being quietly exercised at Tidworth, where the English ponies are also quartered under the care of Lieut.-Colonel E. Browne. Both teams look like being adequately mounted.

A.W.C.

Photograph *Central News*

MISS LILY ELSIE

Or, more rightly, Mrs. Ian Bullough. She is an enthusiastic rider to hounds, and her brother-in-law, Sir George Bullough, is Master of the Ledbury Hunt

SPORTS and PASTIMES

THE ARMY IN IRELAND TEAM
A fifteen composed of men of the Army in Ireland was defeated by the Army in England team, at Queen's Club last Wednesday, by six points to one

ARMY TRIAL MATCH
The Army in England team, who won the trial match against the Army in Ireland's fifteen last week. Most of the play was a gruelling scramble in the mud, and players of both sides were black from head to foot

GOLF

The New Rules

SOME weeks ago, when commenting on the new Rules which are to come into force on May 1 next, I ventured to predict that they would not be received without protest from the golfing world at large. My prophecy has since been shown to be correct by the correspondence which has lately been carried on with such vigour in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. By this I do not, of course, mean that there is anything like wholesale condemnation of them. We are all familiar with the Latin saying *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, and you can apply it equally well to golfers as to other folk. There is, for instance, a good deal of divergence of opinion as to what is the appropriate penalty for lost ball. Some maintain stoutly that the old rule, "Lost ball, lost hole," should stand; others regard this as too drastic. Some again approve of the provision which will enable local committees to vary the penalty for playing a ball out of bounds; others think that the penalty laid down by the R. and A. Committee should be compulsory and universal.

MR. E. W. HOLDERNESS
Who was the winner of the recent 'Varsity Golfing Society Tournament. He beat Tolley in the final, which was played at Rye

"Americanisation"

WHAT one really wants to arrive at, however, is whether the new rules, taken as a whole, are regarded as an improvement or otherwise. The conclusion appears inevitable that the "otherwises" are in the majority. Due allowance is made by nearly every writer for the object with which the changes have been made—greater uniformity as between the rules governing match and medal play—but even this does not prevent the expression of misgivings that the game is being "Americanised." This is only another way of saying that we are yielding to the Americans' preference for the card and pencil game, in spite of the fact that here in England most of us prefer the holes-up method of settling our differences. Which again means that the Americans differ from us as to the extent to which the element of luck should enter into the game, and that we are being compelled to become converts to their views against our real inclination.

The Congestion Difficulty

BUT the chief objection to the new rules, as I anticipated in my previous article, lies in the extra time which their enforcement will necessarily involve and the consequent hopeless situation (or series of situations) which will arise on courses where congestion has

Photographs *Sport and General*
BADMINTON CHAMPION
Miss K. McKane, who won the Middlesex County Badminton Championship at Ealing, and consequently still holds her title of Ladies' Singles Champion

GEE! SOME CRUSH!!

This is only a portion of the huge crowd that witnessed the recent Test Match between England and Australia. England had very bad luck in losing the toss three times in succession, but it must be admitted that Australia had the better Eleven. This crowd should make even the mouths of our Association Football Committees water

already reached the acute stage. One of the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondents says that the new rules will increase the average time of a round on any given course by half an hour, and I am inclined to think that this is what is known in commerce as a conservative estimate.

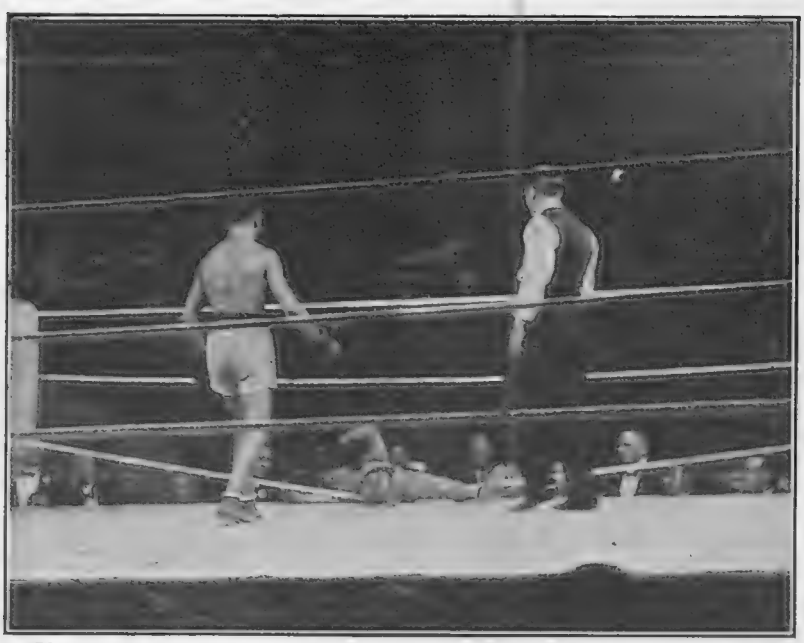
RUGBY FOOTBALL

France *v.* Scotland

NEXT Saturday Scotland and France open their international campaign with a match against each other in Edinburgh. Scotland, we may recollect, goes down to history as the first nation which France succeeded in beating after she entered the international arena. It happened in the season 1910-11, and the victory (gained by a solitary point) was due not so much to the actual superiority of the French team as to the way in which it was allowed to take liberties with the laws by a too tolerant referee and by fifteen almost equally tolerant opponents. Incidentally, the Scotsmen saw to it that there should be no recurrence of the catastrophe. And this was France's only success against any of the four British Unions prior to the War.

The Arrival of France

SINCE the War, however, times have changed. France has ceased to be a new-comer whom we are disposed to let down lightly, and has become a force to be reckoned with. She beat



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

LAST WEEK'S GREAT FIGHT

Jimmy Wilde, the last of our boxing champions, was defeated by the American, Pete Herman, the referee stopping the fight in the seventeenth round. It must be remembered that Wilde could fairly have declined to fight seeing that Herman weighed 11lbs. over the bantam limit, but, like the plucky fellow he is, he went in—and lost.

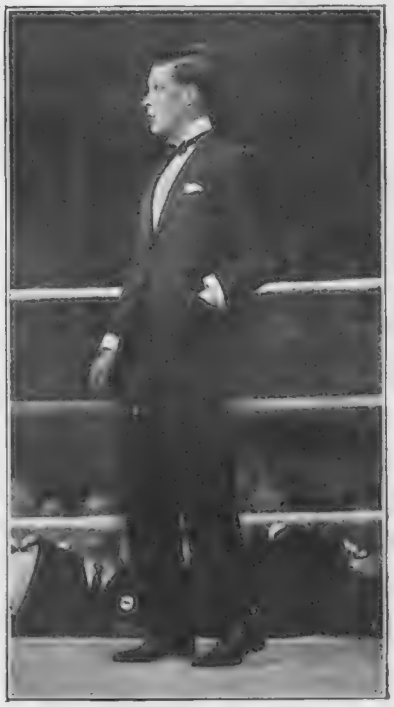
SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Ireland last season, and England, Scotland, and Wales all had to struggle their hardest in order to beat her. Consequently a good deal of interest attaches to next Saturday's encounter. The French team are all old internationals with the exception of three; two of these are forwards and the third is Clement, the full-back, at whose selection I am not surprised, for I liked his play for the Racing Club against Blackheath on Boxing Day immensely. The Racing Club also supplies three of the four three-quarters, Jaurreguy, Crabos, and Borde, who, with Gotz of Perpignan, will make a formidable line, especially as they have two very useful halves, Struxiano and Billac, in front of them. And since two new forwards are chosen to the exclusion of available internationals the pack must be a pretty strong one, too.

Scotland's Hard Task

SCOTLAND have seven old internationals, five forwards and the two half-backs, Sloan and Hume. The rest are new men. I think that by common consent the best international side of last year was the Scottish side which beat Wales, and, therefore, I am rather surprised that the two players who had most to do with that victory, J. A. R. Selby (half-back) and C. M. Usher, who led the forwards, are not in the team. But the Scottish selectors doubtless know what they are about. We may take it, at any rate, that the forwards will be strong. Of the halves, Hume only played last year against France, whereas Sloan played in all four matches, but as a three-quarter; whilst the three-quarter line is quite an experimental one, and I doubt whether any one of the four is quite up to international form. But Forsayth, the Oxford Blue (who, by the way, is an Australian), we know to be a competent full back. On the whole, I expect Scotland will have all their work cut out to keep their end up on Saturday. With a reasonable number of chances the speedy French outsides should do some scoring.

H. S. S.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

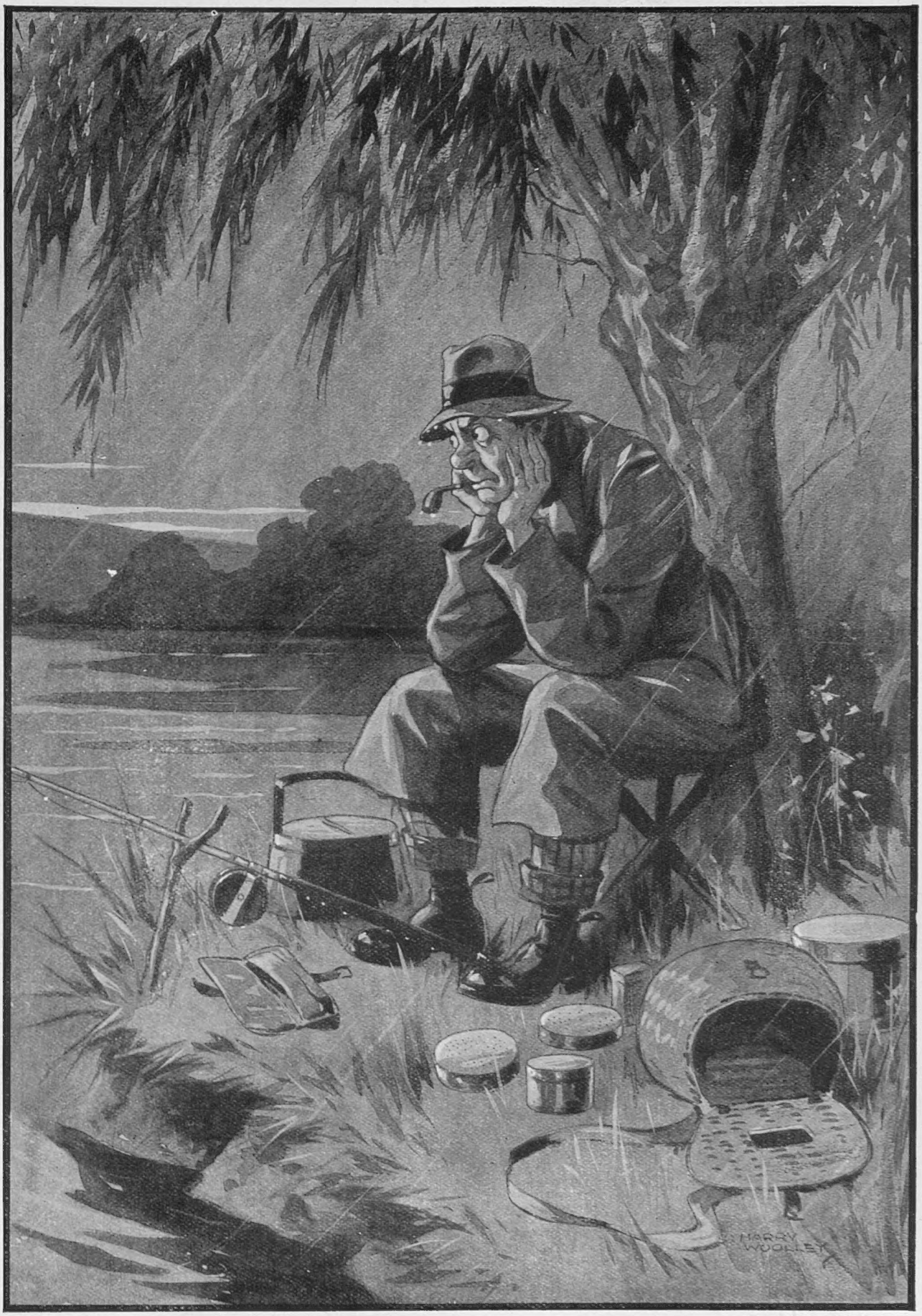
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Was present at the fight, and received a perfectly terrific ovation lasting over five minutes. In the shortest of speeches he thanked everybody and said: "I am sure we wish both men the very best of luck"

Photograph *Sport & General*

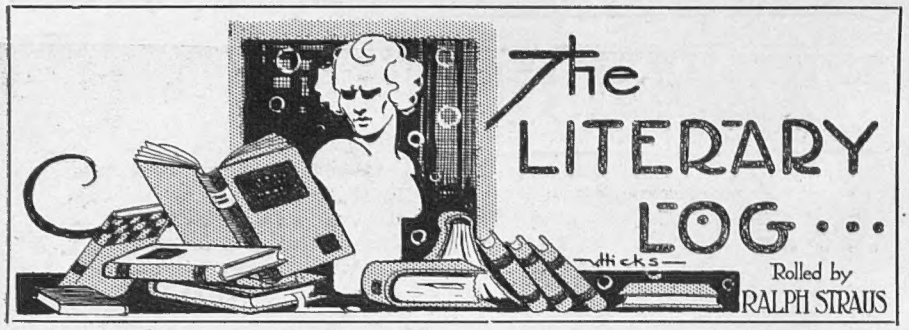
A FIGHT FOR FAMILY PRECEDENCE

It is not often one sees a whole family of such dimensions concentrating on the same sport, but Mr. Charles Phelps has always been known as a keen waterman and his sons have followed in his footsteps. He is here seen with his seven sons previous to the start of the race.



BY HARRY WOOLLEY

A HOPELESS DAWN



THERE are people who imagine that a country which decides to do without a Monarchy must of necessity lack that inner kernel of important people generally known as Society. Without a Royal Court, such folk may enquire, where is your centre of (social) gravity? With all citizens theoretically equal, who is to decide which of them are to be allowed within the kernel and which must be kept outside? With no rank or titles, how can the mellowest traditions be maintained? And without that strict etiquette to which these traditions have given rise, how is the polite world to continue? Such enquirers may well have their attention drawn to social conditions in Republican New York before the Dollar had become so "almighty" as we are told it is to-day. In the New York of the 'seventies, for instance—if you are to judge from the pages of Mrs. Wharton's new novel, *The Age of Innocence* (Appleton: 8*s.* 6*d.* net)—Society was about as exclusive as it very well could be. Not all the dollars in the world could balance an accident of birth. You had to belong to this or that family, and the choice was surprisingly small.

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To an Englishman accustomed to modern Pittsburgian millionaires, the picture which Mrs. Wharton paints in this admirable novel—and if you have read *The House of Mirth* you will know of her great powers—may be more than a little unexpected. Can her story really belong to the 'seventies, he may wonder? Does not this closed-up little coterie of proud people, against whose unquestioned social authority young Newland Archer shows signs of rebelling, suggest the eighteenth, or even an earlier, century? But Mrs. Wharton knows her subject well enough, and she is cunning and wise to pitch on a man like Archer through whom to interpret his times. The young man is loyal enough to the traditions of his set, but although clannishness is all very well, it can sometimes be taken too far. In this unfamiliar New York there are bonds to be burst by a full-blooded man. Archer is a nice youngster, but he is not of the type that will break things down. His temptation is sore, but breed and upbringing tell, and he goes the way, the respectable way, of his fathers. And you wonder, rather impishly, what he would say to the New York of 1920.

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MRS. WHARTON'S story is very well told. Her Archer is understandable, and the Countess Olenska is splendidly drawn. Where the writer particularly shines, however, is in her minor folk—an old bachelor who lives on polite scandal, a sort of American Duchess of Wrexe, an uncrowned king and queen who have only to allow their carriage to be seen outside the house of somebody "doubtful" for that fortunate person to be received everywhere. These are the people who give to *The Age of Innocence* its most gracious charm—these people and Mrs. Wharton's own fund of quiet humour. It is a long, leisurely book about a society of which little is known in this country. Novelists in plenty have described the old aristocrat of the South; few have done the same for the aristocrat of the North.

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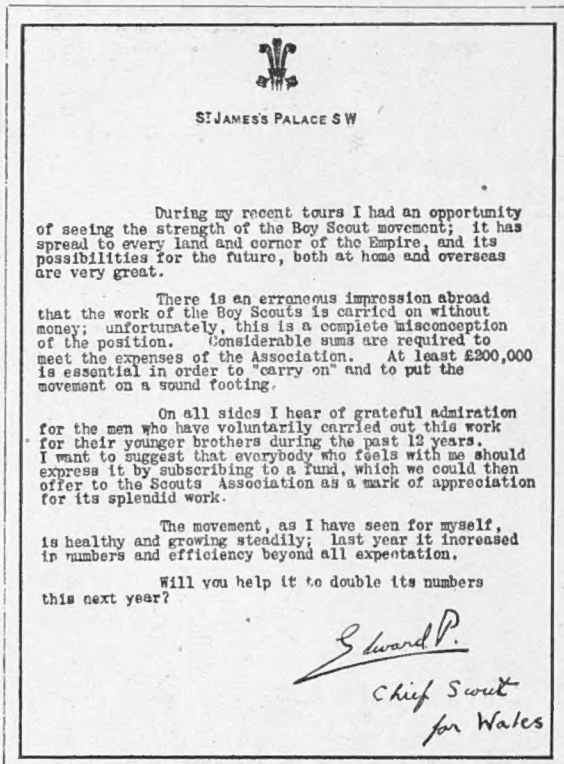
A LITTLE volume of verse on my table deserves notice. The author of *Desiderium* (Heffer: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Norman Davey, is novelist as well as poet, and we are to see some of his prose work this year. His verse is of various kinds, so various, indeed, that it may be he has not yet found the method best suited to his talent. He has a keen sense of beauty and rhythm, and a rollicking delight in things bookish. Also, he is not too seriously concerned with his own position as a poet. "Here are some verses," he seems to be saying, "and I enjoyed their composition. What fun it all is." Which is not altogether a bad point of view. Mr. Davey, I fancy, will make his name. R. S.



ST JAMES'S PALACE S W

During my recent tours I had an opportunity of seeing the strength of the Boy Scout movement; it has spread to every land and corner of the Empire, and its possibilities for the future, both at home and overseas are very great.

There is an erroneous impression abroad that the work of the Boy Scouts is carried on without money; unfortunately, this is a complete misconception of the position. Considerable sums are required to meet the expenses of the Association. At least £200,000 is essential in order to "carry on" and to put the movement on a sound footing.

On all sides I hear of grateful admiration for the men who have voluntarily carried out this work for their younger brothers during the past 12 years. I want to suggest that everybody who feels with me should express it by subscribing to a fund, which we could then offer to the Scouts Association as a mark of appreciation for its splendid work.

The movement, as I have seen for myself, is healthy and growing steadily; last year it increased in numbers and efficiency beyond all expectation.

Will you help it to double its numbers this next year?

Edward P.

Chief Scout for Wales

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., has just issued the above appeal to the peoples of the Empire in aid of the funds of the Boy Scouts' Association. Their Majesties the King and Queen have always associated themselves with the aims and objects of the Association. His Majesty is its Patron; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., is Chief Scout for Wales; his brother, the Duke of York, is President of the London Council; Princess Mary is President of the Girl Guides, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., is President of the Association. The aims and methods of the movement were enquired into by the Privy Council in 1912, and a Royal Charter of Incorporation was granted as an official recognition. Donations should be sent direct to His Royal Highness, addressed H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., Chief Scout for Wales, St. James's Palace, London, S.W., all cheques being crossed "Boy Scouts' Fund"

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PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch), in heavy quality Crepe de Chine, dainty bodice trimmed with lace and hemstitching, knife pleated skirt with broad hemstitched band; finished ribbon shoulder straps. In pink, sky, ivory, yellow, mauve and black.

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THE difference between Técla Pearls and Oriental Pearls is the difference between luxury and extravagance.

For most women, Oriental Pearls, like the grapes in the fable, are out of reach, whereas Técla Pearls hang lower on the vine.

And to pursue the analogy further, Técla Pearls and Oriental Pearls are indeed as like each other as grapes from the same vine, differing only in that Oriental Pearls come from the vineyard of Nature, while Técla Pearls come from the vineyard of the mind. *But the wine of their beauty is indistinguishably equal.*

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MOTOR-NOTES

MOTORISTS in London have been fortunate in passing through a strike of the garages without being one penny the loser or one whit the wiser that there was such a thing in progress. The whole of the rumpus was due to the garages wanting the petrol distributing companies to permit them to charge an extra penny per gallon to those of their customers to whom they gave credit for their supplies, which the petrol people resolutely declined to do, as they were of the opinion that all motorists, whether they paid cash or took credit, would be charged the extra denarius. In order to try and force the petrol folk to agree to their proposals the garages boycotted one brand of this fuel, with the result that none of the other suppliers of the other brands would serve them. At one time it looked as if the motoring public in London would go short, but the stocks in hand lasted until the whole business fizzled out, a regular comedy of errors.

* * *

REFERRING to brands reminds me that something will have to be done to ensure motor carriage owners obtaining the brand of petrol they really want from the garages and roadside "tank" purveyors of motor spirit. It is all very fine to go and ask one of these merchants for four gallons of Shell, Pratt's, Carburine, Mex, or B.P. spirit and expect to get the first quality petrol out of them, when nine cases out of ten you get a mixture out of the tank pump or not the brand you ask for. Perhaps this is due to motorists asking for No. 1 Shell or No. 1 Pratt's, or whatever the brand they fancy when nowadays "there ain't no sich thing," as No. 1 or No. 3 each has got its distinctive title, but they do exist as regards quality, and so the owner of these kerb supplies are just as likely to put in a bit of Shell, more Crown, some Glico, and Taxibus, and charge the customer at the top price of Pratt's best or Shell, or Mex, according to what the customer asks for.

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

A novel mascot made by Leverett, Thorp and Kearton, Ltd., of 122, New Bond Street, W. The price is only three guineas

* * *

THE Ministry of Transport are quite humble nowadays, poor fellows, and I don't wonder as they cannot say what "visible" means legally, and the "stout card" has turned out (by the Stationery Office, one presumes) to be a bit of flimsy blue paper, the sort that builders use for their correspondence when they ask you to pay your account.

* * *

HAVING been let down by the regulations' draughtsman and the fit of economy by the supplying department, the humble Ministry is simply down and out over the effort of the accessory merchants to ask seven-and-sixpence for the licence "card" holder, and plaintively cries "it isn't our fault, as we can't fix the price," and someone told them the cost would only be a couple of shillings. It's all right, dear Ministry of Transport, we don't blame you for the holder *de luxe* ramp, but it's the ticket-of-leave, don't-trust-'em-to-pay carriage tax that "got our goat," as Uncle Sam puts it, as motorists are not swindlers of the Exchequer generally or thieves, as you suggest we all are. OLD HY.

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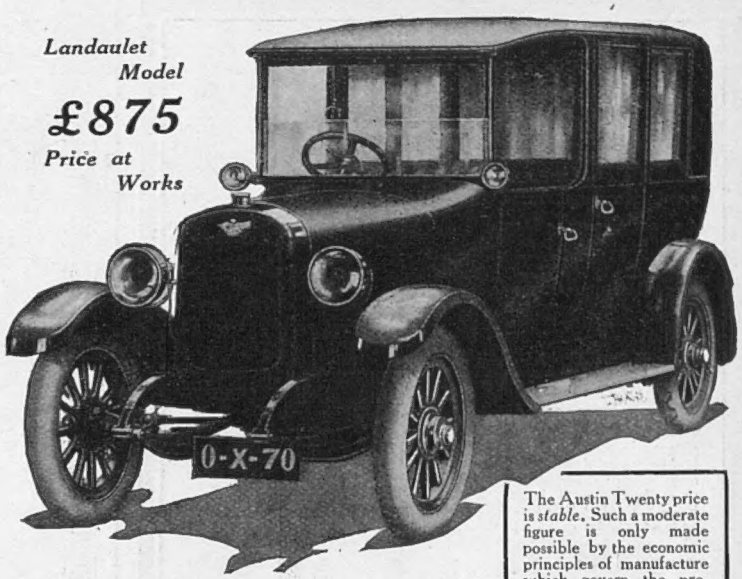

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